

Her Name is Gladys Rattmann

by ASBusinessMagnet

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Summary: Portal: The 4th Millennium franchise: And this is her story in the Combine-ruled world. AU, but only in the sense of a complete date mess up and trying to guess what happens in Half-Life 2: Episode Three.

Her Name is Gladys Rattmann

Specify place: The White Forest, 100 km (60 mi) from City 17, RSFSR, the Soviet Union _(City 17, yet the Soviet Union? Anachronistic)_

Geolocation failed. Specify latitude: 37.607759
>Specify longitude: 54.856699 _(I know where City 17 is.)_

Success.

Error: Coming soon

- Aperture Science Business Magnet _(aka The Force of Evil)_
>2010 03 10 - 10 26 (so before I was born?)

* * *

><p>My name is Gladys Rattmann, and this is my story in the Combine-ruled world.<p>

"I was born in April 13, 2012 to Doug Rattmann and Chell Johnson." This is what I would say beginning my epic, weren't it for the fact that I never got to know my parents, aside from a particular novella that I found during my travels across the world, which I'm currently gluing pages to and writing so that I never forget where my writings are, ever since. While it didn't replace my parents, I read it from beginning to end at least a hundred times and tried my best to imagine Chell and Doug, the pair of lovers traversing through space and time while escaping from the claws of Aperture Science's evil

schemes. And so I grew up with the idea that Aperture was evil, and never considered giving it a second thought.

I am not really much of an attention seeker, as my appearance from the outside can tell. The same identical Citizen attire, eyes as brown as the dirt when grass still grew, hair mostly kept straight, with one or two spikes, seemingly subconsciously inspired. For the cases when I am "doing work" and not simply walking around, there is also a pair of long fall boots and a Handheld Portal Device - and never with "Aperture Science" in front because, being so evil, Aperture couldn't have made it by themselves - which kind of do make me different, but also make me fast and fearless to ridiculous extremes, so I don't blend in very well anyway. And that's precisely the reason this is only for "working" and not living.

Which then leads to my role in the society. I am employed by the Combine as a soldier to take down particularly hard to deal targets, sort of like a boss fight in video games. They even considered giving me the Combine soldier outfit, but, as taking one isn't as simple as getting dressed, and instead is a surgery that almost permanently irreversibly damages and zombifies the human body, they still are hesitant to give such a treatment to me, as I still need to "grow up". And that's precisely the reason why this "growing up" sucks.

Did I mention I'm probably the youngest human being in the Combine-ruled society? Ever since the Seven Hour War people couldn't be born because of a certain suppression field, and the children my age and older were almost massively killed off because they couldn't defend themselves. All but me. The daughter of two legendary resistance fighters that I never knew who passed their cool technology to me, almost deliberately intending to make me into some sort of a real-life "Mary Sue".

But they forgot one thing:

In real life, everything has to be as predictable as clockwork, and "Mary Sues" break the predictability chain, and the result could eventually be a temporal paradox wiping all life, on Earth or otherwise.

And thus, Page Forty-One and my introduction ends. I will follow with a detailed biography, sort of like a diary.

End
file.